

WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 9 July 2022 3.00pm Haydn Day

Roman Rabinovich piano

Helen Charlston mezzo-soprano

Christopher Murray cello

Sara Wolstenholme violin



Supported by the Sir Jack Lyons Charitable Trust

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

The Mermaid's Song (1794)

She never told her love (1794-5)

Despair (1794)

Fidelity (1794)

Piano Sonata in C HXVI/50 (c.1794-5)

I. Allegro • II. Adagio • III. Allegro molto

The White cockade (by 1792)

I love my love in secret (by 1792)

The Lass of Livingston (by 1792)

The Soger laddie (by 1792)

O can you sew cushions (by 1792)

Leader haughs and yarrow (by 1792)

Arianna a Naxos HXXVIb:2 (c.1790)

CLASSIC *fm* Wigmore Hall £5 tickets for Under 35s supported by Media Partner Classic FM

Support Us

Recovering from the impacts of the pandemic is an ongoing challenge for us and the artists we work with. If you can, please make a contribution to our Audience Fund before the end of the season and help ensure the health and vitality of the music making you see on our stage. Your support makes a real difference.

wigmore-hall.org.uk/donate

Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management.

In accordance with the requirements of City of Westminster persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, it shall be limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions.

Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141.

Wigmore Hall is equipped with a 'Loop' to help hearing aid users receive clear sound without background noise. Patrons can use this facility by switching hearing aids to 'T'.



Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.

The Wigmore Hall Trust Registered Charity No. 1024838
36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP • Wigmore-hall.org.uk • John Gilhooly Director

Wigmore Hall Royal Patron HRH The Duke of Kent, KG

Honorary Patrons Aubrey Adams OBE; André and Rosalie Hoffmann; Louise Kaye; Kohn Foundation; Mr and Mrs Paul Morgan



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**



Haydn's first songs with keyboard accompaniment were issued in the early 1780s under the title of *Lieder für das Clavier*. They were designed to be played and sung by the same performer, and in only two cases was the vocal part assigned a separate stave. The English songs Haydn composed in the following decade are very different. These were no longer 'Songs for keyboard', but - as described in the first edition - 'Original Canzonettas for the Voice, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte'. They were among Haydn's most popular compositions during his second visit to London, in 1794-5, and he himself sang them often - on one occasion, to King George III and other members of the royal family.

The six songs in the first collection of 'Original Canzonettas' are all settings of poems by Anne Hunter, the wife of the surgeon John Hunter. Haydn had become acquainted with the couple during his first stay in London, in 1791-2. By the time he returned two years later, John Hunter had died. Haydn was by no means indifferent to the charms of English widows, and the songs hint at a close relationship between him and Mrs Hunter. Most of the settings are strophic, though some of them, such as 'The Mermaid's Song', where the piano's rippling triplets suggest the play of light on the water, contain an unusually elaborate piano prelude. More solemn in tone is 'Despair', and the use of the normally radiant key of E major for so sombre a subject is characteristic of a composer who, three years later, was to choose F sharp major, complete with the indication of *mesto* ('sad'), for the profound slow movement of his string quartet Op. 76 No. 5. While all four of its verses are set to the same music, 'Fidelity' - the final song in the first volume of 'English Canzonettas' - is more ambitious in scope. It begins *fortissimo*, with a piano prelude evoking a storm (the 'rushing winds' of the poem's opening words). Arrestingly, after such a tempestuous beginning, the voice enters softly, as befits the notion of an 'anxious, aching bosom'. Other remarkable features are the grinding dissonance that underlies 'what bitter storm of fortune blows', and the curiously obsessive phrases that so aptly accompany the words 'my heart is fix'd on thee'.

Haydn probably composed the dramatic *scena* 'Arianna a Naxos' in 1789, though it achieved its greatest success in his London concert season two years later. The story of Ariadne, abandoned by Theseus on the island of Naxos, and despairing to the point of madness before being comforted by Dionysus (or Bacchus), whom she subsequently marries, is one that inspired composers from Monteverdi to Strauss. Haydn sets his anonymous text in the form of two extended recitatives, each followed by a slow aria. The long opening recitative portrays the gradual awakening of the sleeping Ariadne, after which the first of the two arias expresses her longing to see Theseus again. The aria ends with an anticipation of the echo effect which in the following recitative depicts the only reply

Ariadne receives to her words intended for Theseus. That recitative also contains a remarkable series of chromatically ascending chords, as she climbs a rock in order to search the horizon for a sign of Theseus. Her deliriousness at the realisation that he has abandoned her is accompanied by a striking change of key, with the music seeming momentarily to lose all sense of direction.

The final aria concludes with a 'presto' in a dark F minor, and the closing bars have a smouldering intensity that is rare in Haydn's music of the period. The wholly unexpected turn from minor to major for the very last chord seems only to underline Ariadne's manic despair.

Haydn's involvement with British folksong began through his friendship with the Scottish violinist and publisher William Napier, who had moved from Edinburgh to London in the 1760s. In 1790 Napier issued a collection of Scottish folksongs, but it failed to sell well and he found himself on the verge of bankruptcy with a wife and 12 children to support. When he turned to Haydn for help with a follow-up, the great composer seems to have needed little persuasion. The 150 arrangements of Scottish songs Haydn made for Napier are notated on three staves - one for the violin accompaniment, and the remaining two for keyboard with figured bass (a form of shorthand indicating the harmony to be filled in by the player). The text is contained within the keyboard part, and Haydn would perhaps have expected the skeletal bass line to be reinforced by a cello.

Haydn's Scottish folksongs appeared with a frontispiece by the well-known engraver Francesco Bartolozzi, and it was for Bartolozzi's daughter-in-law, Therese Jansen Bartolozzi, who was an accomplished pianist, that Haydn composed his final piano sonatas. Their order of composition isn't known, but it's likely that the C major Sonata HXVI/50, with its expanded keyboard range and its novel pedal effects, came last. Two passages in its opening movement carry the marking of 'open pedal', indicating that the sound is deliberately to be blurred by the sustaining pedal. These were the first pedal markings to be used by any great composer, and the effect, which here provides a strong contrast to the crisp articulation of the sonata's opening subject, is one that left a firm mark on Beethoven.

The slow movement is one of Haydn's great improvisatory adagios. For all its apparently rhapsodic style, it is a clear sonata form, with an intricately ornamented recapitulation. The finale, with its abrupt silences and unexpected switches of key, brings this sparkling sonata to an appropriately witty conclusion.

© Misha Donat 2022

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

The Mermaid's Song (1794)

Anne Hunter

Now the dancing sunbeams play
On the green and glassy sea,
Come, and I will lead the way
Where the pearly treasures be.

Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.
Follow, follow, follow me.

Come, behold what treasures lie
Far below the rolling waves,
Riches, hid from human eye,
Dimly shine in ocean's caves.
Ebbing tides bear no delay,
Stormy winds are far away.

Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.
Follow, follow, follow me.

She never told her love (1794-5)

William Shakespeare

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek...;
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Despair (1794)

Anne Hunter

The anguish of my bursting heart
Till now my tongue hath ne'er betray'd.
Despair at length reveals the smart;
No time can cure, no hope can aid.

My sorrows verging to the grave,
No more shall pain thy gentle breast.
Think, death gives freedom to the slave,
Nor mourn for me when I'm at rest.

Where'er the precious dew drop falls
I ne'er can know, I ne'er can see;
And if sad thought my fate recalls,
A sigh may rise unheard by me.

Fidelity (1794)

Anne Hunter

While hollow burst the rushing winds,
And heavy beats the show'r,
This anxious, aching bosom finds
No comfort in its pow'r.

For ah, my love, it little knows
What thy hard fate may be,
What bitter storm of fortune blows,
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath spun the thread
On which our days depend,
And darkling in the checker'd shade,
She draws it to an end.

But whatsoever may be our doom,
The lot is cast for me,
For in the world or in the tomb,
My heart is fix'd on thee.

Piano Sonata in C HXVI/50 (c.1794-5)

I. Allegro

II. Adagio

III. Allegro molto

The White cockade (by 1792)

Robert Burns

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen,
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,
He takes the field wi' his white cockade.
O, he's a ranting, roving lad!
He is a brisk and bonny lad!
Betide what may, I will be wed,
And follow the boy wi' the white cockade!

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
My gude grey mare and hawkit cow:
To buy mysell a tartan plaid,
To follow the boy wi' the white cockade.
O, he's a ranting, roving lad! ...

I love my love in secret (by 1792)

Robert Burns

My Sandy gied to me a ring,
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine,
But I gied him a better thing,
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.

My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
My bonny, bonny Sandy O;
Tho' the love that I owe
To thee I dare na show,
Yet I love my love in secret,
Yet I love my love in secret,

My Sandy brak a piece o' gowd,
While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd,
He took a hauf and gied it me,
And I'll keep it till the hour I die.

My Sandy O ...

The Lass of Livingston (by 1792)

Traditional

Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love,
Bell dropt a tear, Bell dropt a tear;
The gods descended from above,
Well pleased to hear, well pleased to hear;
They heard the praises of the youth,
From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus she sung, and thus she sung:

Bless'd days! when our ingenuous sex,
More frank and kind, more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
But spoke their mind, but spoke their mind.
Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
Would he return, would he return,
She ne'er again would give him care,
Or cause him mourn, or cause him mourn.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes, with flowing eyes;
Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
With sweet surprise, with sweet surprise.
Some god had led him to the grove,
His mind unchang'd, his mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd, I am reveng'd.

The Soger laddie (by 1792)

Anonymous

My soger laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady;
My blessings gang wi' my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a soger and lover behave;
True to his country, to love he is steady;
There's few to compare wi' my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my longing arms,
Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must, if he get his due:
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

O can you sew cushions (by 1792)

Traditional

O can ye sew cushions, and can ye sew sheets,
And can ye sing balla loo when the bairn greets,
And hee and baw birdie, and hee and baw lamb,
And hee and baw birdie, my bonny wee lamb?

Hee O, wee O, what wou'd I do wi' you?
Black's the life that I lead wi' you;
Mony o' you, little for to gi' you,
Hee O, wee O, what wou'd I do wi' you?

Leader haughs and yarrow (by 1792)

Anonymous

The morn was fair, saft was the air,
All nature's sweets were springing;
The buds did bow with silver dew,
Ten thousand birds were singing;
When on the bent, with blyth content,
Young Jamie sang his marrow,
Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass,
On Leader haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wishes,
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this best of blisses.
Thou art my Sun, and thy least frown
Would blast me in the blossom;
But if thou shine, and make me thine,
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

Arianna a Naxos

HXXVib:2 (c.1790)

Anonymous

Recitative

Teseo mio ben,
Dove sei tu?
Vicino d'averti mi pareo
Ma un lusinghiero sogno fallace
m'ingannò.
Già sorge in ciel la rosea
Aurora
E l'erbe e i fior colora
Febo
Uscendo dal mar col crine
aurato.
Sposo adorato, dove guidasti il
piè?
Forse le fere ad inseguir ti
chiama il tuo nobile ardor.
Ah vieni, O caro,
Ed offrirò più grata preda a tuoi
lacci.
Il cor d'Arianna amante, che
t'adora costante,
Stringi con nodo più tenace
E più bella la face splenda dal
nostro amor.
Soffrir non posso
D'esser da te divisa un sol
istante.
Ah di vederti, O caro, già mi
strugge il desio.
Ti sospira il mio cuor.
Vieni, idol mio.

Aria. Largo

Dove sei, mio bel
tesoro?
Chi t'invola a questo cor?
Se non vieni, io già mi
moro,
Né resisto al mio dolor.
Se pietade avete, O Dei,
Secondate i voti miei;
A me torni il caro ben.
Dove sei? Teseo!

Recitative

Ma, a chi parlo?
Gli accenti eco ripete sol.
Teseo non m'ode,
Teseo non mi risponde,
E portano le voci e l'aure e
l'onde.
Poco da me lontano esser egli
dovria.

Ariadne on Naxos

Recitative

Theseus my beloved,
where are you?
I seem to have you near me,
but a flattering treacherous
dream deceives me.
Already rose-coloured Dawn is
rising in the sky
and Phoebus colours the grass
and flowers
rising from the sea with his
golden hair.
Adored husband, where have
your footsteps led you?
Perhaps your noble ardour calls
you to pursue wild beasts.
Ah come, my dearest,
and I shall offer a more pleasing
prey to your snares.
Arianna's loving heart, which
adores you faithfully,
clasps the splendid
light of our love with a firmer
knot.
I cannot bear
to be apart from you for a single
moment.
Ah beloved, I am consumed with
longing to see you.
My heart sighs for you.
Come, my idol.

Aria. Largo

Where are you, my beautiful
beloved?
Who stole you from this heart?
If you do not come, I shall
already die,
nor resist my grief.
If you have pity, O Gods,
fulfil my desires;
return my dear beloved to me.
Where are you? Theseus!

Recitative

But to whom am I speaking?
Only echo repeats my words.
Theseus does not hear me,
Theseus does not answer me,
and my voice is carried away by
the wind and the waves.
He must be not far from
me.

Salgasi quello che più d'ogni
altro s'alza alpestro scoglio:
Ivi lo scoprirò.
Che miro?
O stelle!
Misera me!
Quest'è l'argivo legno,
Greci son quelli.
Teseo!
Ei sulla prora!
Ah, m'inganassi almen ...
No no, non m'inganno.
Ei fuggè,
Ei qui mi lascia in abbandono.
Più speranza non v'è, tradita io
sono.
Teseo, Teseo, m'ascolta Teseo!
Ma oimè! Vaneggio.
I flutti e il vento lo involano per
sempre agli occhi miei.
Ah, siete ingiusti, O Dei
Se l'empio non punite!
Ingrato! Perché ti trassi dalla
morte?
Dunque tu dovevi tradirmi?
E le promesse, e i giuramenti
tuoi?
Spergiuo! Infido!
Hai cor di lasciarmi!

A chi mi volgo?
Da chi pietà sperar?
Già più non reggo:
Il piè vacilla,
E in così amaro istante
Sento mancarmi in sen l'alma
tremante.

Aria. Larghetto

Ah! che morir vorrei
In sì fatal momento,
Ma al mio crudel tormento
Mi serba ingiusto il ciel.

Presto

Misera abbandonata
Non ho chi mi consola.
Chi tanto amai s'invola,
Barbaro ed infidel.

Let me climb the highest of
these steep rocks:
I shall discover him thus.
What do I see?
O heavens!
Misery me!
That is the wooden Argosy,
those men are Greeks.
Theseus!
He is on the prow!
O may I at least be mistaken ...
no, no, I am not mistaken.
He flees,
he leaves me abandoned here.
There is no longer any hope for
me, I am betrayed.
Theseus, listen to me Theseus!
But alas! I am raving.
The waves and wind are stealing
him from my eyes for ever.
Ah, you are unjust, O Gods
if you do not punish the infidel!
Ungrateful man! Why did I
snatch you away from death?
So you had to betray me?
And your promises and your
oaths?
Perjurer! Infidel!
Have you the heart to leave me?

To whom can I turn?
From whom can I hope for pity?
I can already bear no more:
my step falters,
and in so bitter a moment
I feel my trembling soul
weaken.

Aria. Larghetto

Ah, how I should like to die
in so fatal a moment,
but the heavens unjustly keep me
in my cruel torment.

Presto

Wretched and abandoned
I have no one to console me.
He whom I loved so much has fled,
barbarous and unfaithful.

Translation of 'Arianna a Naxos' by Misha Donat, printed with kind permission.